

Good Morning 617

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



L.Sig. Jack Carter—you're Master to the Family

WE called at 21, Cooper-street, Stretford, Manchester, for you, Leading Sig. Jack Carter, and you know what that means.

Yes, we found your Mother in the best of health and waiting to cook a dinner for you again.

We found your wife keeping things going until your return, and we found her new puppy Jock, anxious to meet "his master."

They are all thinking of you Jack, and are hoping it won't be too long before you're back with them.

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER

Love-at-First-Sight Filly got the Experts Guessing

THEY were discussing jockeys at the Jolly Roger the other evening, and someone suggested that Gordon Richards would probably retire after the war.

"Not if I know him," said Paddy. "He is good for many more years in the saddle, and as his heart and soul are in the game; you can take it from me he will keep riding as long as he possibly can. After all, he is only forty, and that is not old for a jockey who can go to the scale without having to waste. I saw Gordon only the other day, and he looked as fit as a fiddle, and he told me that he was looking forward to the resumption of racing."

"Yes," agreed the Guv'nor. "Gordon is a sensible chap. He knows how to take care of himself. You never find him trying to burn the candle at both ends."

"No late nights at parties for him, except occasionally during the off season. That is one of the reasons why he has beaten all records in the number of winners he has ridden."

"He takes his work very seriously, as indeed he should, and he thinks more of his reputation than he does of popularity with the sort of people who would 'wine and dine' him for what they could get out of him."

"I didn't know that Gordon Richards was only forty," said Nat. "He seems to have been a prominent jockey so long that one imagines he is much older. Most of us forget that jockeys, if they are lucky, start riding as small boys, and as their names have long been before the public, it is easy to understand how people imagine that they must be older than they actually are. There are many jockeys still riding who are



Veteran Billy Bullock

considerably older than Richards, though I don't suppose I could name them all."

"I doubt if I could name all of them without going through a list," said Paddy. "but I think I can name the oldest jockey at present riding. Can any of you fellows?"

"What about Sam Heapy?" asked the Guv'nor. "I think he is about sixty-five, if not a year or so older than that."

"That's right enough," put in Bernard, "but Sam Heapy is not riding now."

"When he escaped from the Germans in Belgium he announced his intention of taking out a licence to ride here, but he has evidently thought better of it, and has given up the idea."

"He certainly has a wonder-

ful record, and has been champion jockey in Belgium for more years than I can say. It will take a long time for anyone else to catch up with his record."

"What about Charlie Elliott?" asked Nat. "Isn't he older than Gordon Richards?"

"It is curious you should mention that," answered Paddy. "It seems that many people have the idea that Elliott is older than Richards. He is nearly six months younger than Gordon. If you see the two together you think Elliott is older. Just a slight difference in temperament, probably."

"I won't bet on it," said Bernard, "but I think I can name the oldest jockey still riding. What about Fred Herbert, 'Brusher' Herbert, as the boys call him?"

"You are very near, Bernard, but not quite on the mark. What a pity you didn't want to bet on it," said Paddy.

"Fred Herbert is fifty-eight and a good jockey. He can still show some of the best of them how to get off from the gate. I think I am correct in saying that the oldest active jockey is Billy Bullock. He is fifty-nine, and will soon be sixty, but he can ride as well as ever he did. I wish him the best of luck, and would like to see him ride a winner on his sixtieth birthday, and a few more after that."

"I agree to all that," said Bernard, "but I am surprised to know that Billy Bullock is the oldest. He is my idea of the dependable type of jockey. What I mean is, the sort of jockey who gets to know the horse he is riding and then gets the best out of him. If the horse is good enough, Billy will win, bar accidents. He is as good a judge of a horse as any you will find."

"It was this sound judgment of his that enabled him to ride the winner of the 1908 Derby. Don't you remember Signorinetta?"

"You bet we do," answered the cronies.

"Well, it would be true to say that nobody outside the stable connections gave a passing thought to Signorinetta as a possible Derby winner. You could have had any price you liked to name in the ante-post betting. The price returned for the race was 100 to 1, so you may be sure that nobody had backed the winner for any appreciable money."

"Perhaps a few dames who were seeing their first Derby may have had a shilling on just because the price was 100 to 1, but there was no money that mattered, and bookmakers to-day remember Signorinetta with happy memories."

"But if all the experts thought that this filly had not an earthly chance of winning the Derby, it did not affect Billy Bullock's idea."

"He knew what she could do, and he felt sure that, bar some unexpected stroke of bad luck, he would ride the Derby winner."

"He has since told us that when he rode the trial gallop that gave him such confidence he rode with a stop-watch in his hand, and the time shown was sufficient to tell him that Signorinetta was good enough to win the greatest race of the year, the race that so many of



the jockeys would give half their years to win.

"If anyone might have thought that Signorinetta's Derby win was a fluke, they would have been compelled to confess their mistake when she won the Oaks, with Bullock again riding, two days later. But, needless to say, you could not get a long price about her for the Oaks. That was a triumphant year for Billy Bullock, but in winning the Derby and the Oaks he had little more than the honour of riding the winners."

"You know, it is the usual thing for the owner of the Derby winner to give the jockey a handsome present."

"Many of the winning Derby riders have been given a cheque for £2,000, some have had cheques for several hundreds, but Bullock must have had about the smallest present on record for his achievement."

"The owner of Signorinetta was Chevalier Ginistrelli, an Italian resident in this country. He was not very wealthy and

he did not bet. All the same, he could not be accused of being over-generous. For a present he gave Billy a picture of the winner."

"I should have thought the bookmakers would have risen to the occasion," said Paddy, "by subscribinog a handsome present for the jockey. They must have had a skinner on the race."

"I'll bet they would have done so," said Bernard, "if they had known at the time what a lousy present had been given to Bullock, but, even then, it would have meant keeping very quiet about it. Jockeys have to be careful not to get mixed up too intimately with bookmakers."

"That win of Signorinetta's goes to show that it is not money, alone that can win a Derby," said the Guv'nor. "The filly was bred by the owner, and I like the story of how she was brought into being. The old Italian owned the mare Signora, and he decided to have her mated with the fashionable sire of the period. When she was taken to the stud farm an old horse whinnied to her and she trotted over to his box and they exchanged greetings."

"The Chevalier was greatly interested. 'It is love at first sight,' he exclaimed; 'let them be mated.' Of course, it was pointed out to him that it was not the sire he had booked for Signora, but he didn't worry about that. Well, he could hardly have gained better results, for that is how Signorinetta came into the racing world and upset the calculations of the experts."

When the Cow is Away . . .

"Thence to Westminster; in the way meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them. . . ." (Samuel Pepys' Diary, May 1. 1667).

HAD it not been that at that moment the ever-roving and amorous eye of Samuel caught sight of pretty Nell Gwynne standing at her door in Drury Lane, we might have had one of the diarist's inimitable descriptions of one of the old customs which helped to make life picturesque in his day.

It was the tradition in the 17th and 18th centuries, and earlier, for the workers in the various trades to go in procession through the streets of London and of other cities and towns, displaying symbols of their trades, on May 1. And the "Milkmaids' Procession" was one of the most lively.

Young girls, picked for their beauty, headed by musicians, walked and danced through the streets bearing in their midst an imposing "garland."

This was a pyramidal frame covered with a white cloth on which were fixed pieces of silver plate, with a silver urn or tankard on top and knots of gay ribbons and

posies of fresh flowers adorning it.

When the procession came to a customer's door, it would halt while the householder— attracted to the doorstep by the music of the fiddles and pipes— offered some small present in recognition of the daily service rendered by the milk carriers.

Less prosperous milk-sellers, unable to afford the expense of hiring the silver plate and musicians for this May Day ceremony, put on their best clothes, dolled their cows up with flowers and ribbons, and went in a similar procession, led by a milkmaid "with floral ornament in her neat little hat and on her bosom."

The "Milkmaids' Dance" seems to have died out early in the last century—though as late as 1895 a maypole with men, dressed as milkmaids, dancing round it, was seen in one of London's busiest streets on May Day.

It was once the custom to lead cows through London streets and milk them at the customer's door.

There was a lot to be said for this in the days when dairy-men had no compunction in adding water to make the milk go further.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.



Nice Work by S.P.O. Jack Briggs

HAS anyone in the P.O.s' mess discovered where their knives have disappeared to yet, S.P.O. Jock Briggs?

When we called at 70 Rowdowns Road, Dagenham, Essex, your wife showed us the model submarines you made, and we feel she rather let the cat out of the bag when she told us of some of the materials which went into their construction.

But they certainly are fine models, Jock, and young Bobby seems very proud of them.

Your daughter Mary is enjoying work at

the G.P.O., her mother tells us, and both she and Bobby are keeping well.

Although the garden doesn't seem to be thriving very well without the care you give it, the Admiral is getting on just as well as ever, with the usual crowd of regulars keeping it going.

Ken has been keeping well since he came out of the Navy, and he would wish to join your family in sending you greetings, Jock, while your wife adds her love and her hopes for your quick return.

Alex Cracks

He gave her a string of pearls.

"They're beautiful," she said. "Have they the old-fashioned catch?"

* * *

The Fair One: "I want you to paint my portrait, please."

The Artist: "I would rather not, madam. I make it a rule never to copy other people's paintings."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

A Little Child shall

Lead Them—Merry Hell!

Concluding THE RANSOM OF
RED CHIEF—By O. HENRY

THE Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

"For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good."

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office, and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously, and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and

I risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wobbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat, and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defence, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and pre-

dominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him. "I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settler was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. "And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways, and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got to have two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterised."

"But he's gone"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse." Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid of his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition.

So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots to professional kidnapers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence, with big, bare fields on all sides.

If a gang of constables should be watching for anyone to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields, or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive. Exactly on time, a half-

grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-post, slips a folded piece of paper into it, and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Two Desperate Men:

Gentlemen,—I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,
EBENEZER DORSET.
"Great pirates of Penzance!" says I: "of all the impudent—"

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves, too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom, and make our get-away." We took him home that night. We got him to go by

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Illinium is a state in U.S.A., embrocation, waterproof cloth, rare metal, quarantine?
2. What is the difference between (a) ASDIC, and (b) aspic?
3. What is the definition of a Cockney?
4. What animals both lay eggs and suckle their young after hatching?

5. Of what official is "The Chequers" the traditional country residence?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? — Malaga, Galena, Salerno, Granada, Palermo.

Answers to Quiz in No. 616

1. Cupboard for church vessels.
2. (a) Poison, (b) an alarm bell.
3. None.
4. African.
5. Louis Napoleon.
6. Tawe is in Wales; others in England.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

SIXTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Dan Nicholson, commissionaire-receptionist at N.A.A.F.I.'s New York headquarters, is an ordained Presbyterian minister who has held several incumbencies and was missionary to Nova Scotia lumber camps.

Now an American citizen, his Scottish ancestors settled in Canada. He joined N.A.A.F.I. at 65—a grandfather three times—"to help the war effort." He had already played host to many Empire Servicemen at his home. "There is such a British atmosphere about the N.A.A.F.I. office in New York, I feel quite at home," he says, "as I am as British as the King of England."

"COUNTY Visitors' Books" are a new idea in N.A.A.F.I. clubs overseas. The clubs' visitors' books are divided up into columns, each carrying the name of an English county. Lancashire members of the Forces visiting the clubs sign under "Lancashire," Yorkshire members under "Yorkshire," and so on. In this way, serving men and women arriving at a club may see at a glance if any other members present come from their home county.

WRITING to his father in Salisbury, a member of the R.A.F. mentioned various places at which he had called on his way overseas.

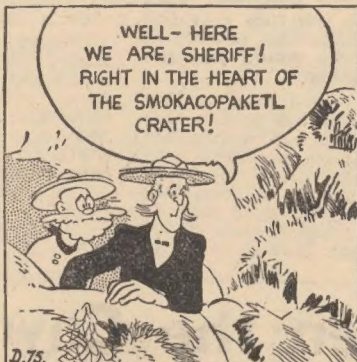
In a postscript, he wrote that his father would be interested to know where he had been, "unless the censor sees this."

The "censor," having blacked out all the place-names, added a two-word note in red ink: "He has!"

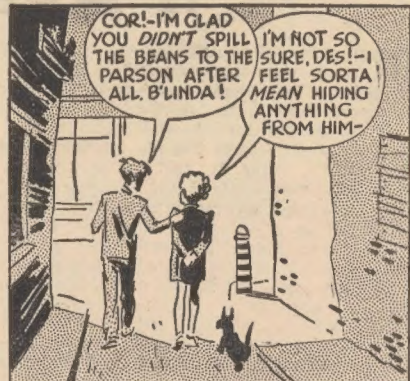
"AND as for gals," observes Salty Sam, "I like the shy, demure type. You know, the kind you have to whistle at twice."

He jilted Helen, Helen sued;
He married Helen; hell ensued.

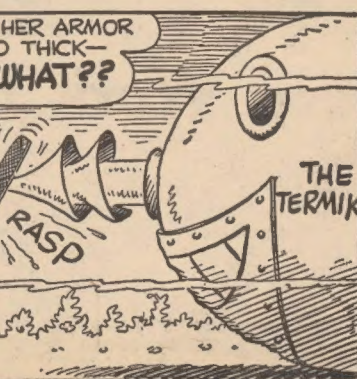
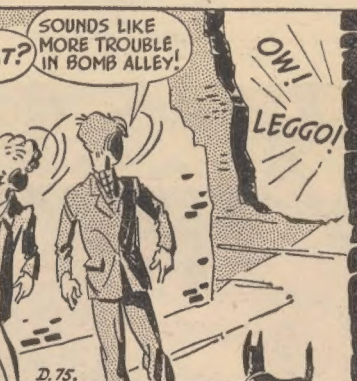
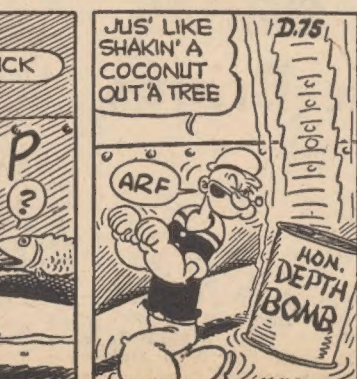
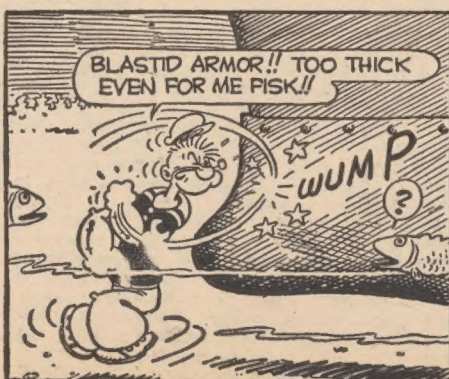
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



USELESS EUSTACE



"Be your age, Pickering!"

WANGLING WORDS—556

- 1. Behead an article of clothing and get some insects.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?
Tub ni jinisure tweir ni blamer sinksendes stud.
- 3. What English county town has D for the exact middle of its name?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 555

- 1. S-table.
- 2. United we stand, divided we fall.
- 3. Anthracite.
- 4. West, stew.

JANE



HOW'S TRICKS?

HEADS OR TAILS WITH A MATCH BOX.

YOU show an ordinary coin, say, a penny, also an empty match box. Request your friend to place the coin in the box, and close same, noting whether the coin was head or tail uppermost. Upon receiving the match box you immediately tell without opening the match box the position of the coin, whether head up or tail up.

The secret lies in notching the coin on one side (this can be done with a cold chisel and a heavy hammer), and a sharp point of the metal projects.

When the coin has been placed in the box and has been handed back to you, gently move the box; if the smooth side of the coin has been placed down the coin will slide very freely from one end of the box to the other as you slightly tilt the match box.

The reverse side will move slower, as the minute projection of metal acts as a drag.

All you have to do is to remember the side of the coin you have notched.

THE LIGHTNING ACCOUNTANT.

THE effect is that you instantly add up large sums in pounds, shillings and pence. Commence by writing on the blackboard any amount your fancy may suggest; say, for example, 427 16 4. Then, when writing the line beneath, use such figures that, when added to line number one, will bring the pounds column to 999, the shillings to 19, and the pence to 12.

In the example under notice the required amount will be 572 3 8. This is repeated with two further sets of figures (making six lines in all), and the sum is finished with two lines of small digits, which in no case must total more than 999 19 11 respectively. Here we have a complete example:—

427 16 4
572 3 8
763 17 2

By Syd De Hempsey

236 2 10
24 4 7
975 15 5
731 8 4
113 2 3

3,844 10 7

The secret (apart from the important item of writing the couplets correctly) consists in adding together the last two lines and prefixing the result with a single digit corresponding with the number of "trick couplets" contained in the sum, which in this case will be three.

For the sake of effect, the size of the sum can be considerably increased.

Finally, dash off the figures without hesitation, lest the audience suspect you of indulging in any mental calculation. It is an improvement to place the two lines actually added somewhere in the body of the sum rather than at the foot.

Ransom of Red Chief

(Continued from Page 2)

telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a callopie and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg.

His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster. "How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I'm not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

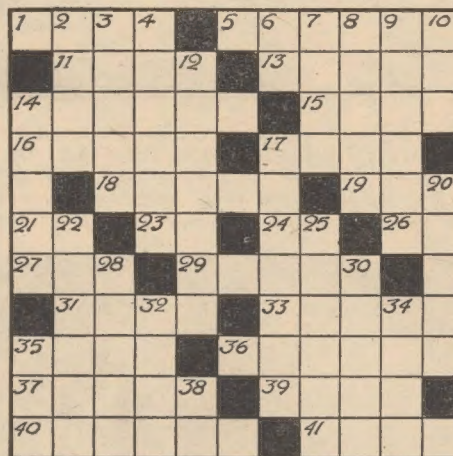
"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

THE END

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Nudges. 5 Restless one.



CLUES DOWN. 2 Wind instrument. 3 Old coin. 4 Metal. 6 Pronoun. 7 Old bird. 8 Grab. 9 Regard. 10 Kick. 12 Heating device. 14 Seat. 17 Elish. 20 Donor. 22 Comparison. 25 Fairies. 28 Gully. 30 Spring flower. 32 Dam. 34 Deal out. 35 Woven fabric. 38 Compass point.

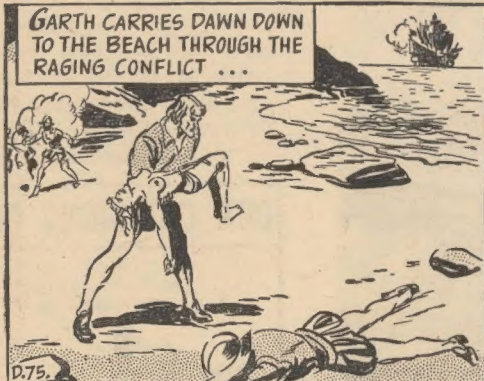
- 11 Sailing ship.
- 13 Trunk.
- 14 Not so warm.
- 15 Fruit.
- 16 Clumsy.
- 17 Attitude.
- 18 Irascible.
- 19 Score at cribbage.
- 21 Exists.
- 23 On.
- 24 Doctor.
- 26 Musical note.
- 27 Free.
- 29 Abate.
- 31 Cuts down.
- 33 Ooze out.
- 35 Port.
- 36 Tar.
- 37 Moray's county town.
- 39 Scotch boy.
- 40 Carrier.
- 41 Scottish river.

CHATTY IN S
LAVA ORMOLU
ATONED PEER
MEW NEBULAE
PAMULET V
SOLAR CEDED
C REPOSE E
STARDOM SET
PERT RECIDE
ATTEST AGES
R SS SONNET

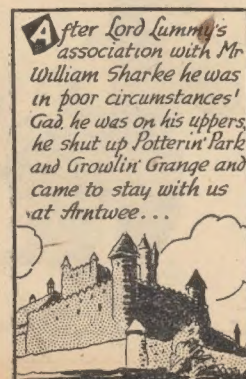
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



What the Stars Foretell



"Mistakes probable if you try to force the pace."

Star for To-morrow

LITTLE Rhoda Williams, fourteen years old, is starting out on a screen career after being right next to death's door only three months ago, when twenty shots of penicillin saved her life. She was in the hospital for five weeks following an appendectomy, fighting against the dread peritonitis.

Before that, she had appeared briefly in "National Velvet," but now she has won an important role as Margaret O'Brien's school chum in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." Director Roy Rowland selected Rhoda from fifty other girls for the part, praising her dramatic ability.

Rhoda was born in Galveston, Texas, and won a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent contest in nearby Houston in 1935, with a resultant trip to Hollywood. Nothing materialized in the way of screen roles, however, until "National Velvet." She will graduate from Hollywood High School in June, having completely made up for the time lost by illness.

In the new M.-G.-M. picture she joins Margaret, Edward G. Robinson, James Craig, Jackie Jenkins, Frances Gifford and Agnes Moorehead.

DICK GORDON.

Good Morning



Of course, it might be a Punch and Judy show. Or it might be some men with pneumatic drills digging a hole in the road. Or the local N.F.S. filling an Emergency Water Supply from a trailer pump. We shall never know. But we do know this. Kids have a capacity for enjoyment that we've never noticed in the Savoy Grill!



NECKLINES WILL BE LOWER



Balinese dancing girls always dress in public where all may watch the procedure. Consequently, there are no Stage-Door Johnnies in Bali. Our cameraman reports that these girls have a charming non-chalance and poise—which is a delightful way of putting it, don't you think?

"Who do you think you're following around, you blue-nosed baboon? And that's a polite way of putting it—in front of the child."



THIS ENGLAND. Here's the famous Quay, at Dartmouth. There's many a blue type who remembers the Royal Castle Hotel with affection, although, to-day, they are on the other side of the world. And we guess there's many a long-haired type who remembers them with affection, too.

FRILLS AND LACEBELOWS



See Joan McCracken in Warner's "Hollywood Canteen" and you'll decide to stay and have another cup of coffee and a doughnut—or we miss our guess. She's light on her feet and easy on the eyes, is this cuddlesome bundle of femininity. And, fellows, when you see Joan dance, you see Joan.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I remember a ginger type with affection."

